

## THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

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ONLY

9  
More Shopping  
Days  
Before X'mas.

The Weather.  
South Carolina: — Fair Tuesday, colder on the coast; Wednesday fair.

Thought For the Day.

A false friend is worse than an open enemy.

## THE COURAGE OF EDISON

There is a lesson for the farmers and business men of the South in the magnificent courage displayed by Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor, whose great plant was destroyed by fire last Wednesday night. He did not sit down and complain. But he got busy immediately, and was impatient for the embers to cool that he might begin rebuilding. He said it was only a temporary set-back.

Is this not the spirit for a man to have in the face of adversity? With such determination the farmers and business men of the South will build a greater success out of their apparent failure. They will, do not fear, for we have some Thomas A. Edisons in Anderson county and in South Carolina who will build larger fortunes than ever this year.

The following is from the Columbia Record:

"I'm pretty well burned out just now, boys," said Thomas A. Edison, 67 years old, to the newspaper reporters as he stood looking upon the fire which destroyed his great plant at West Orange, N. J., Wednesday night, "but I'll start all over tomorrow. There'll be some rapid mobilizing here when this debris cools off and is cleared away. I'll go right to work to build the plant over again. It is just a temporary set-back; don't forget that."

The fire covered almost a square mile of ground, causing a property loss of \$7,000,000, all of which except \$2,000,000 insurance Mr. Edison will have to bear. It was not alone the money value of the property, but the results of years of the labor of his brain that will make demands on the sands of his life now rapidly running out to replace that were swept away and yet Mr. Edison spoke cheerfully and with a smile of starting all over again.

Is it any wonder that a man with such courage, faith and determination should have succeeded in the large measure that has fallen to the great inventor?

## PROHIBITION AND WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

The determination of Congress to vote on the question of submitting prohibition and woman's suffrage to amendments to the Constitution, will be the cause of nation-wide interest at this time. There will be much interest in Congress on these questions, and the life of the congressman between now and the time the matter comes to a vote, will not be one of ease. If the members of Congress submit the evident trend of these issues in their home states, there is little doubt of the passage of both these acts. There has never been so insistent demand for nation-wide prohibition. States realize that unless Congress comes to their aid and allows the people to say if they want prohibition to be nation-wide, that much of their local legislation will be rendered of no effect. By all means let the people vote on these questions. Surely we shall profit, too, by the stand taken by the Czar of Russia in banning liquor from Russia.

## IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

This is the season when the kiddies are interested in writing their letters to Santa Claus, making known their desires as to what shall be placed in their stockings on the interesting night of the year to childhood. It is a beautiful custom—a modern development of the Santa Claus tradition that means so much to children, old and young.

The first batch of letters to Santa Claus always to bring to the minds of many what is perhaps the most famous literary production ever elicited by such a letter. Many "answers" there have been, but the one which was printed a number of years ago in the New York Sun, and widely credited to the editor, Mr. Dana, has become a classic. Mr. Dana was not, however, the author of this particular editorial. It was written by a comparatively obscure editorial writer for The Sun, a Mr. Church, who died some five or six years ago. It should be explained, rather, that the letter from "Virginia" was not addressed to Santa Claus, but was rather an inquiry of the editor as to whether or not there was—and is—a Santa Claus. The editorial reply was as follows:

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist; and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how few there are who would if they were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this world except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies. You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no proof that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing upon the lawn? Of course not; but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders that are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle to see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah! Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding. The glorious full moon would not be so beautiful; the brightly twinkling stars would be cold and dim, the grand old sun would yield so much light and warmth. No, no, if our beautiful world could be so greatly disillusioned, so bereft of childish fancy and allurement, then all would be very, very sad.

Yes, Virginia, Santa Claus will come this Christmas as usual to all the hopeful, faithful loving children of dear old New York; they must never doubt his existence, but ever trust and believe in him while their little hearts are warm and young, tender and true. He comes on this one special visit to all faithful, confiding children who regularly expect him once each year. It takes Santa Claus nearly all the year to collect these Christmas presents before the well known happy day they are given out to the hopeful and expectant. I must tell you and repeat to you:

It is an old, old story.  
And yet it is ever new,  
The story of good Santa Claus  
Who will ever live for you.

No, Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, may ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

## NO MORE LIQUOR FOR THEM

One by one the avenues for man to succeed are being hedged in against the drinker of intoxicants. Commissioner McMaster has perhaps gone farther than anyone in South Carolina, and his ruling will cause widespread command.

Industrial insurance companies doing business in this state were warned Friday by the Commissioner McMaster that licenses of all their agents using intoxicants or drugs to excess would be revoked upon complaint. The commissioner stated in the warning letter that "the rule will be made absolute."

The letter follows:

"To the Industrial Companies:  
"Dear Sirs: Please inform each of your agents that hereafter no man who drinks whiskey or uses any other drug to excess when on or off his work will be licensed as an industrial insurance agent. The women and children and wives of the poor people who usually carry industrial insurance policies are entitled to complete protection from any man who uses whiskey or any other drink.  
"The rule is to be made absolute, and whenever a man leaves his position on account of the use of whiskey or any other drink, he will not be rehired until he is able to bring to this department an affidavit showing that he has not been intoxicated or under the influence of liquor for at least six months."

## WHY THIS AGITATION?

A rumor that will not down on the streets of the city is to the effect that an effort will shortly be made to have City Council enjoined from making further payment on the contract entered into between the city of Anderson and the Southern Public Utilities Company. It is also rumored that there is an agreement among four of the councilmen that the city will pay the expenses of the private citizen who acts as the cat's paw to pull out the chestnuts of those members who are unalterably opposed to the franchise. The rumor has even gone so far as to say that the papers are now being drawn and that in a few days an effort will be made to secure an injunction. These may all be rumors, but they are like Hamlet's ghost, "They will not down."

Now, this will be another conflict, if such steps are taken. It will mean that the City Council will try to do by indirection what they have failed to do by direction, and the people of Anderson will not stand for this any more than they could stand for the City Council's annulment of the contract made by a former Council. If any citizen wishes to enter such suit, let him be prepared to pay his own expenses and the costs of such litigation. The Intelligencer does not believe that Council will undertake any such foolish thing as to pay the expenses of this suit. What right, if you please, has the Southern Public Utilities Company to pay for being sued? What right have the great majority of the citizens of Anderson who are opposed to all this agitation, and who are satisfied, both as to the legality and to the right of the franchise contract, to be made to pay a private individual, who has some personal grievance, perchance, to enter suit against what they believe to be right?

It is utter nonsense, and we put any such individual on notice that he, or they, are laying up for themselves a burdensome suit, and one they will have to pay for finally.

Why all this agitation? It has been demonstrated that the people are satisfied on the franchise matter, and that it is legal there is abundant law to sustain, so why this continued agitation? Is it to drive capital away from Anderson? This will be the effect if it is kept up longer. There is no demand for any action, so far as we can learn. The Intelligencer published a number of interviews of persons in all walks of life, and they were asked if they had heard of any demand for the matter to be tested at this time. They all said they had heard of no demand, and frankly, we can learn of no demand outside of a few persons who are constitutionally—not applied legally—opposed to it or other progressive measures.

## "LET THE HEATHEN RAGE."

Poor little Willie Hearst has had his force of hired brains to search the recorded words of George Washington for the language therein contained which can most easily be misconstrued into something opposed to what President Wilson stands for. Mr. Wilson is the latest and perhaps the best biographer of George Washington, and no doubt read all that the Hearst hired brains have discovered, and he has read it with an understanding such as Mr. Hearst's millions multiplied could not hire or prostitute.

After all these months of Mr. Wilson's administration, about the only thing that the Hearst hired hunters have been able to discover in Washington's writings, capable of being distorted in the usual Hearst way into meaning something that Washington never meant, is the following touching "preparedness" for war, about which the Steel Trust and the Powder Trust and their like are so much exercised. The quotation is from President Washington's message to Congress in 1793, just four years after the United States of America had become a nation, and when it was of about the strength and dignity of one of the Central American republics of the present time:

"There is no rank due to the United States among nations, which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war."

This is the sentiment of Washington which the Hearst papers say Mr. Wilson opposes. Let us see.

The rank that Mr. Washington declared was "due to the United States" has long since been attained and far surpassed. Even Washington never dreamed of a nation such as we have—of a nation as strong and self-reliant, and particularly as self-confident, as the United States is in 1914. The "reputation of weakness" that Mr. Washington feared was avoided because there were no Hearsts in those days to stir up, especially abroad, the idea that the United States was weak by preaching "unpreparedness" day after day at variance with the facts. If we acquire "a reputation for weakness" in the twentieth century it will be because of the

misinformation that the Hearst papers and their kind have been purveying to their readers, which contain a larger proportion of ignorant and vicious men of the Czolgoz type than the readers of any other newspapers in the world.

"If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it," says Washington a century and a quarter ago. It will be noted that he did not use the term "avenge." To repel an insult is to prevent it. No insult was ever "repelled" by force. The repelling of insults may be achieved most effectively by avoiding an offensive attitude toward others, and by avoiding braggadocio—two things of which the Hearst mind is apparently incapable of conception. But the United States under Woodrow Wilson is less likely to have any insults to repel or avenge than were the head of a nation a man whom Hearst would approve.

"If we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war," says Washington. To those words, of course, Mr. Wilson holds hearty assent, though he would probably improve the expression by adding "if war is necessary." It has been known of all men that we are ready for war if war is necessary, but the vaporings of the jingoes have possibly led some weak-minded folk to believe that we are "unprepared." If any foreign nation is fool enough to be so misled, and to undertake a hostile action against the United States because it believes the Hearst rot that we are unprepared to take care of ourselves, the nation will have Mr. Hearst and his kind to thank for another absurd and unnecessary war, as they were responsible for that of 1898.

But "there is hope." The dignified manner in which Mr. Wilson ignores the jingoes is the surest way to get them to go to extremes, and the way to have a calf—or a jackass—hang himself is to give him plenty of rope. The jingoes are getting plenty of rope, and there is hope that they will soon make their own propaganda appear as ridiculous as in fact it is.

## YES, BUT WASN'T IT ANDERSON?

One of the Anderson newspapers has seen fit to rise up and rear all over the York News because of the recent editorial published in this paper under the caption of "Prosecution or Persecution." The editor of The Intelligencer remarks that the article must have been written about Anderson and goes on with a lengthy defense of the city for taking the steps it did in regard to the blind tiger situation. It is truly remarkable that the article "must" have referred to Anderson. Of course Anderson is the only city of any size or prominence in the State and naturally any editor must straight-way be drawn and quartered or hung up by the heels and be nibbled to death by young ducks if he dared to write an editorial about any other city. He must have Anderson in mind; it is not conceivable that he could be thinking of Columbia or Greenville or Spartanburg.

No, Mr. Editor, everything you see in the York News will not necessarily refer to Anderson—even if it is "My Town."—York News.

## OUR DAILY POEM

## Inspiration.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,  
With his marble block before him:  
And his face lit up with smile of joy  
As an angel dream passed o'er him.  
He carved that dream on the yielding stone  
With many a sharp incision;  
In heaven's own light the sculptor shone,  
He caught that angel vision.

"Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,  
With our lives uncared before us;  
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,  
Our life dream passes o'er us.  
Let us carve it then on the yielding stone,  
With many a sharp incision:  
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own  
Our lives, that angel vision."

—Blahop Doane.

Great Discovery.  
Scientist—Some of the grandest inventions of the age have been the result of accidental discoveries.  
Fair Lady—I can really believe it. Why, I made an important discovery myself, and it was the purest accident, too.

Scientist—May I ask what it was?  
Fair Lady—Why, I found that by keeping a bottle of ink handy a fountain pen can be used just the same as any other pen—without the bother and mess of filling it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Tommy's Joke.

His name was Tommy, and he came home from school looking so down in the mouth that mother asked him severely what was the matter.  
Out of his little trousers pocket he fished a note from the teacher which said: "Tommy, has been a very naughty boy. Please have a serious talk with him."  
"What did you do?" asked mother.  
"Nothing," sobbed Tommy. "She asked a question, and I was the only one who could answer it."  
"H'm," murmured mother. "What was the question?"  
"Who put the dead mouse in her desk drawer?" answered Tommy.—Philadelphia Record.

## Nine More Shopping Days Before Christmas--The Importance of Today

Use the days while you are unhurried—it makes Christmas shopping a pleasure instead of a task; your judgment is clearer, and there are so many gifts not born of desperation.

Visit the store today—it is better for you, better for us; the stocks are fullest now; the human machine runs easier now than when under the strain of the last days.

In buying presents for men, young men and boys, you'll find us able to give you a lot of help. We've lots of things for men's gifts; things boys like, too, masculine things, costing from 25c to \$25.

## A FEW SUGGESTIONS WORTH WHILE

Neckwear .....25c to \$1  
Gloves .....25c to \$3.50  
Handkerchiefs .....10c to 50c  
Silk Handkerchiefs .....25c to \$1.00  
Silk Mufflers .....50c to \$2.50  
Hose .....10c to \$1.00  
Holeproof Socks .....\$1.50 box  
Silk Socks .....50c to \$1.00 pair  
Cuff Buttons .....25c to \$1 pair  
Shirt Studs .....25c to 50c  
Stick Pins .....25c to 1.50  
Shirts .....50c to \$3.50

Collars .....15c each, \$1.50 doz.  
Cuffs .....25c pair  
Suspenders .....25c to 50c  
Caps .....25c to \$1.50  
Garters .....10c to 50c  
Canes .....\$1.50  
Umbrellas .....\$1.00 to \$5.00  
Hand Bags .....\$1.50 to \$15.00  
Suit Cases .....\$1.00 to \$15.00  
Pajamas .....\$1.00 to \$2.50 Suit  
Bath Robes .....\$3.00 to \$10.00  
House Slippers .....\$1.00 to \$1.50

Men's Suits \$10 to \$25; Overcoats \$10 to \$25.

Boys' Suits \$3.50 to \$12.50; Overcoats \$3.50 to \$7.50.

Men's Rain Coats \$3 to \$15; Boys' \$2.50 to \$5.

Men's Shoes \$3.50 to \$6.50; Hats \$1.50 to \$5.

Ladies' Week—Week of Special Service for Ladies

The Christmas Store for Men's and Boy's Gifts

Order by Parcel Post.  
We Prepay all Charges.

B. O. Cranst Co.  
SPOT CASH CLOTHIERS

"The Store with a Conscience"

## Uncle Dave's Letter

## Christmas.

By universal consent, Christmas is the season of greatest joy. Whether it is the snowbound fishery of Norway, the boundless prairies of Russia, the vine-covered hills of Italy, the manufacturing centers of America or the balmy isles of the southern seas, Christmas everywhere reigns supreme.

However great may be our poverty, or severe our sufferings, or heavy our burdens, Christmas comes to put a new smile into the heart and a new smile upon the face and remind us that life may be filled with joy. Heaven thought that earth might not realize the greatness of its possession, so it sent an angel host from the very presence of the throne, and whose voice was to chant the anthems of praise; to announce to men that they were to receive a great joy. The message fell upon the ears of humble shepherds whose hearts so ached because of the experiences of life that they hastened to the cradle where infant joy was born. A star gleamed forth the good news into the Far East to some wise men, who mounted their camels and came on their journey to the manger; and when the child was first brought into the temple an aged saint named Simeon looked upon his face and caught from him the joy celestial and exclaimed in rapture: Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!

We have many festivities, and each has its special significance, but Christmas is the festival of love. There are great days which we observe in memory of some great national event, or when we think again of some great heroic leader, or when we offer thanks to God for the year's bounties, or when we pause to adjust ourselves to the dawn of a new year, but above all, towers, Christmas, as it brings to every clime, nation, class, and individual, its message of joy.

But Christ says that joys are our wings. Can we estimate the loss to the world if Christmas did not bring to us these wings by which things near to higher and nobler things in character and service? Take Christmas from the calendar and at once man sinks into the slough of despond; he becomes the slave of his appetite and passions; his life will be nothing more than a gloomy prison house, and he will be the creature of his blind fate that leads him ever on into uncertainty. But since Christmas is here man can attain his heart to the note of joy. To the nations of the world this joy may come through the message of peace and good will. This means the end of war and of bloodshed. Of all the practices among men none is so foolish as war. It is especially unjustifiable in this day of splendid civilization. Looking at the past we know that questions decided by the greatest exhibition of force were very often not decided justly.

There is no conscience or justice in the conclusion gained by a superior

force. And it is folly to declare that war is necessary at certain periods of a nation's life to inspire patriotism. When peace continues for considerable period some say that appreciation of country dies. Must a man destroy the house in which he lives, at intervals, therefore, in order to keep himself from becoming unappreciative of the blessings which it affords?

A little poem in one of our newspapers a short while ago expressed the thought that if war with Mexico should issue, and only one son should go forth and give his life, that the sorrow caused by that one sacrifice was greater than the value of a thousand Mexicans.

Praise is due to our Secretary Bryan for his efforts in behalf of a cessation of navy building. May we hope that war shall speedily become a thing of the past, and that peace may prevail from one end of the world to the other. That is the message of Christmas.

Have you received the Christmas joy, and are you passing it on to others?

"Man was not made to mourn," but to be filled with a great joy. It was man who wrote the dirge. God would have our souls filled with His anthems of praise. There are no circumstances of life when God does not offer His gladness to the heart, and this will inspire us to the higher and loftier things of character and service. We are always to count it joy when we fall into temptation, knowing that by such testings the services of the soul are strengthened. We are to consider it joy when trouble overtakes us, for it works out for us a far more exalted weight of glory. With joy also are we to near the other shores because we depart to be with our Master, which is far better.

The Christmas joy should be with us, singing its way into our hearts in all the experiences of life.

All's for the Best.  
All's for the best! Be sanguine and cheerful.

Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;  
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful.

Courage forever is happy and wise;  
All's for the best, if man would but know it.

Providence wishes us all to be blest,  
Heaven is gracious and—all's for the best!

And in the midst of your dangers o'er errors  
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man;

Providence reigns, from the East to the West;  
And, by both wisdom and mercy surrounded.

Hope and be happy that all's for the best!

The writer had planned to purchase

a \$35.00 suit of clothes this winter, but for personal reasons has decided to treat himself to a 25 cent cap instead.

The tariff on stockings will help to keep them up.

At any rate, no matter how hard the new tariff may be on some of us, we feel grateful that Max Crayton and I didn't have to pay any income tax.

The suffragettes' holiday sentiment: Peace on earth, good will toward men; and votes for women.

Cotton whiskers, which will prevail to a large extent next week, have their faults, but they have this advantage over other whiskers: They are sanitary.

A lawyer is one who protects you against robbers by taking away the temptation.

It is not so much the thing that is done or the thing that is said that matters, but the way of doing or saying it.

In everything there is a time for silence and a time for speech. Opportunity makes the saint as much as it makes the thief.

A man is as God made him, heart and brain.

You have never seen ugliness in a happy face.

I have no praise for the man who drinks—I have less for the man who does drink then hollows prohibition.

Brutal Pa.  
Gervangeline Dorkins stood before her father—her face flushed with happiness and pride, says the Washington Star.

"And he's asked me to marry him, father! I can't tell you how happy and proud I am to have won the love of such a man. You know him, don't you, father, and you like him?"

The happy girl laid her cheek, blooming with love and coquetry, on her long-suffering parents' shoulder.

"Oh, yes," answered the old gentleman, hoping his coat wouldn't be stained. "I know him all right. But has he any money to marry on?"

"Money? Why, father, darling, look at the lovely diamond ring he has given me!"

"Yes, I have noticed it. That's what I mean—has he any money left?"

## THE 1915 BOY

"I will not take my mother's currant jelly from the pantry without permission." (Her raspberry jam is good enough for me.)

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS  
FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM AND SLADDER